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The Evening World Print Association

Printed and Published.

Register next Wednesday.

Chicago gets its first Columbian jam

this week.

Three weeks to Election Day. Let no

voter be lost.

The string around your finger to rem-

ind you that Wednesday is registration

day.

Chicago must do some tall hustling to

make her celebration surpass that of this

city.

Perhaps the reason selfish Republicans

do not let Mr. BLAINE alone is that he is

not well enough.

Truth goes in a straight line. So will

the trotter who makes the truest and best

record for a mile.

"Still waters run deep." Registration

returns begin to indicate an unsuspected

strength and body to the political cur-

rent.

A party which loses MacVicar and

GERMAN does not make good the loss by

retaining JOHNS DAVENPORT and DAVE

MARTIN.

Another record has been broken. The

first drunken Chinaman has been arrested

in a New York street. Ah, sin! Also,

oh, woe!

Gen. CLARKSON gives a straight tip that

HARRISON will carry New York. Man a

man has become bankrupt by following

"clashes."

Policemen in the Annexed District will

have to include cowboy tactics in their

examinations if cattle driving is to be

part of their duties.

The throne totters beneath Commodore

and Antoinette. The stage totters under

the influence of him. In the phrase of

"Pisareff," "Let him tremble."

Political debates which terminate in

stiffness, carry no National interest and

reflect discredit in a measure on the par-

ties to which the participants belong.

Berlin's opera season was ended ab-

solutely in a state of financial collapse.

This is worse than as if it had, like New

York's, vanished in smoke while still

only on paper.

Revolutionist GARZA is reported on

the way to Chihuahua. If the South American

Republic will consent to keep him it

would be a graceful act to send back to

him the \$75,000 indemnity.

The World's Fair buildings are to be

dedicated to grand purposes for the peo-

ple. They will fall of a part of their

mission if the people are shut out for a

single day of the week. Drop that Sun-

day closing rubbish.

President BARTRON of the Philadelphia

Bourse, has bolted the party of Harrison.

As he made his fortune in the making of

silver he will be called ungrateful by the

Republicans. So seldom a man gets full

credit for a real repentance.

Eccentricity of genius did not perish

with savans of ancient days. Two

articles have recently added their names to

the list. One kicked a hole in his \$2,000

painting, because the purchaser would

not come to his price; the other appeared

in a magazine, with the following

caption: "A portrait of a man who

was a great man, and who died a great

man."

MAJESTIC MRS. CLEVELAND.

The Slender College Girl Is Now

a Radiant Young Matron.

Neil Nelson Tells a Few Facts About

Baby Ruth and Her Mother.

The Mrs. Cleveland who left New York last

November to spend the winter in Lakewood,

N. J., was a tall, thin, pale-faced girl.

The Mrs. Cleveland who has just made the

travelling trip to the city to witness the naval

parade is a tall, thin, pale-faced girl.

Lakewood mothers who used to say

"Poor child" when she drove past in the

special carriage, muffled up in furs, would

now recognize the happy, handsome home-

coming as the same individual.

She always was tall, but now she is big-

she has "flushed up" and weighs perhaps

sixty pounds more than she did when she

was in the White House. Her pretty chin

has doubled itself, her face is ruddy and full,

her cheeks are plump, her complexion has

the rich red and rose tint of perfect health,

and her figure—well, neither coaxing nor

stretching would make her wedding dress

strain now.

Any change in her appearance has been

brought about by altering the style of her

clothing. Instead of the pompadour roll that

was so well suited to the girlish face and

low, pretty head, the soft brown hair has

been "brazed deep" as the coiffeurs say, and

arranged in loose curls, the effect being

to freshen the face, seen alone, the

change would have been enough to make

the general public who worship her, would

recognize her. Her school friends might, but

the first exclamation after the greeting

would be "How you have changed!"

People who saw her on the Omaha in the

bay Tuesday looking at the naval parade

didn't know her, although she stood near Mr.

Cleveland.

Guests on passing yachts and yachts

club, but the largest field glasses and the

keenest critics failed to discover the identity

of his beautiful companion. A lady who saw

Mrs. Cleveland and her daughter together

said that they looked like sisters. This is due

largely to Mrs. Cleveland's preference for

heavy stuffs and dark colors.

Even as a bride she dressed to suit her

years, she selected plush and heavy bro-

cades for her reception and dinner dresses

when her dressmakers wanted her to have

girlish gowns and soft pastel lace and crepe,

has she been the first lady in the land, a

prophet would have been right in saying

that the reputation of knowing how to dress

and her toilet has been purchased at consid-

erably less expense than her daughter's.

In Goulet's gallery, corner of Fifth avenue

and Twenty-second street, there are two por-

traits of Mrs. Cleveland, one of her in her

after the last photograph published. The

pictures are being framed for Mr. Cleveland.

They are in the saleroom along with other

orders ready for delivery, but the likelihood

is unlike the former mistress of the White

House that few of the hundreds of visitors

who daily frequent the galleries recognize

her. The art rooms are open to the public

and the exhibitions are popular because

there is always something new to be seen

—the latest work of a leading artist or the

portrait of a society beauty or stage queen.

For the last ten days an oil portrait of Mrs.

S. V. H. Cruger has been the attraction up-

stairs while the two little etchings have

been displayed downstairs, but not promi-

nently.

Julien Gordon's name on the beautiful

painting may have advertised it for thou-

sands have been studying it—artists and art

students, fashionable ladies with long tresses,

fashionable gentlemen with monocles and

quiet critical people, with and with-

out spectacles. The great majority of these

people, who know everybody, failed to recog-

nize the ex-President's wife in the delicate

portraits, and the oversight has amused the

firm somewhat.

In the picture Mrs. Cleveland is

shown in profile. There is just the sugges-

tion of the sweet smile about the lips that

captivated the people when the college girl

became the first lady in the land, and there is

more than the suggestion of a double chin.

The figure is broad-shouldered, deep-chested,

graceful and very artistically draped.

Mrs. Cleveland is not the only member

of the family who has changed. Mrs. Cleve-

land is not the individual who was when she

went to live in Jersey. Then she was sleepy.

Now she is very awake. Then she looked

like her father. Now she has an inclination

to be as beautiful as her mother.

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